#### STILL IN THE WEST

Bill Nye Tackles a Steam Radiator,

BUT TELLS IT ON BURBANK

dahout in Washington - Way Comet Will Vischer Was Induced to Leave Town.

to cause for entires thought, especially in the still watches of the sight. Bear other problem i more of. Most them have water on the brain.



When you go in a room and smell the not, damp curpet, you know at once that the radiator is not seaworthy. The other sight Mr. Burbanh's radiator began about midnight to get restless and palpitate. At first it just gave two or three kicks at their and mouned. Mr. Durbank turned over in his bed and mid-Ah, the radiator is repairing itself." Then he went to sleep.

tioon after he woke with a start and beard the radiator rumble like a distant freight train crossing three or four other lines of road. At the end she seemed to hit one coil with another and began to

was baif past 12. Tired nature then yielded, and with a long drawn sigh at 30 days to went to sleep. He awoke again to hear the radiator riveting its boiler and generally reditting itself.

He lighted his last match and saw that it was half past I o'clock. He tried to go to sleep and began counting 1,000 to settle his nerves. He was joined by the radiator. He threw off the covers and said: "There is water in that radiator. That's what makes it practice all night trying to play 'The Awatening of the Lion.' I will let the water out, and then I can deep.

So he got up softly and started for the electric light to turn on same. He was a little dazed and stepping high, so he stepped into his trunk. Then he knew where he was and started across the room, but was met by the center table, which had a late funch on it. It contained, among other things, some bread with jers on if implemes cheese that had some from Gatmany at a time when the quarantine regulations were looser than

"Now I know where everything is," and Mr. Derbank. "This choose is in he center of the room, and I can always find out where I am even without a light." Just then in trying to turn on the sleetric light be stepped in the jam and shows at the same moment. He also found that the electric light had been

turned off at the celler. No one can knew just how he would feel under these circumstances unless he has been under those circumstances. Mr. Burbank had now lost all idea of direction, for the cheese still clung to the sole of his foot and round around the room. otiracting attention from the radiator.

Mr. Burbank is a tall, slender man, looking very much as Heury leving would if he had been trying to board at the Chastritis House during the writer and train bimosif down to represent Thought, Dressed in the simple robe of night, with his dark hair released from Its confinement and towed about over his shouldiers, with a chases sandwich on pers foot and a corned beef and unneard positive on the other, naw end then stepping on a revolving bottle of Halford name, he made a strong picture as he saved bimmed from falling by catching at the town which hung on a rack.

He went three times around the room. feeling on the wall for the button of the bell, but missing it, as he could not got the right height, he spined. In the mornlog he formal that the button was nonpeoled by the headboard of his hed and

It more became over to locate the radiafter by the sound it made, also by a little prolifies of hot water schiols by stepped outof with wich a wild must that he skinged his knee and hopped around over the lunch in great agony. As he felt the jum posing up senong his toos he became irrilies ben ferret

go to the other hotel." There were two hotels, one called the Phyloseria and the other the Borgunot us. We were at the Bergamet.

"If I had it to do over again, I would

Mr. Berbank approached the radiater nd turned the raive open quickly, then m of hot water synicted across the m the the cony bed which he had the little valve out was new to but that he comed not turn it know for guite a long speil, but after exhibs, by he nest of a towest, he managed to been to off energy so that only a could at warm prome from it, and he tided a ciden carpdor critis water, also the wasts beets, and his ratios. This he did while trying to sungly the bady out of the window; A great dod of the trater was spilled when he ampost on the Hallert some terris-

He ampries the basis while the curps ther was tilling and then employed it whale the mens was filling.

inquestiones in going back and forth he the not stop on the Halford bottle at all. Ha deep not remember how many Missis he did those mumit trips, but as the window of her knothend's room while he gray deven began to steal then illy served was away. tion mallers, sky there excel at the open read from and in a simple, flecturing and somerely place negligro with wet bicense. He was just pouriog the fact free at the end

The untching lay with gleary eyes bained to the house, and the matching's mount bark was pathel off in places there the hot water had struck him.

That pale and interesting man was the outhor of these line.

At first I thought I would say it was
Mr. Burbank, but now as I think it over
and remember his many kindly acts toward no, and the artist is limble to make
a picture of him, I am brought to see
that it would be a great wrung.
The moral of the above incident in that

the man who is wise and who has been abroad so far as Escanaba, Mich., or Esquimait, B. C., will open the escape valve of a radiator when it acts that way and let the het water "equire and squirt and squirt." He will not try to save the

New Whatcom and Fairbaven together constitute a beautiful semicircle about Bellingham bay in the new state of Washington. Fairhaven is quiet just now, a good place to think in or bring up a family, but it feare not. It is gen-erally believed that James Hill is waiting till property gots low enough to buy readily, then will scoop it in and establish the terminus of the Great Northern railroad there. Should be do this be would have one of the pleasantest private towns

I do not know whother he will do so or not. Some thruk he will, and some think he will not I once lived in a town for some time and held two lots with the hope that Mr. Gould would build there and erect large shops employing over a thousand men, but Mr. Gould died without having done so. Finally I exchanged the lets for an agent's prospectus of "The Family and Horse Doctor Book" and begad to canvass for the same at 75 per

cent of the receipts.

Pairhaven and New Whatcom with a a transcontinental road would be a great success. All they lack is people. That is true of this whole region.

More honest sweat and less scanning of the horizon for railroads would work well. The growth of all the cities of this new northwest even in the three years since I visited it is astonishing even to one who has made a solemn promise that he will never be astonished.

There was never a better time for the dissatisfied man of the states to come. He should not expect to make a competency while playing "high five" and waiting for his lots to go up, but come here with his working clothes and go in to win. If you buy a lot, buy it for a 20. year investment and not for the purpose of selling it tomorrow for a bank to build

There are a good many large trees to be cut down in Washington and many farms to make in order to support such cities as Seattle and Tucoma before a trade can be built up with Mongolia.

But everything is new and up to date wherever one goes. You will find no bellcords with tassels on them in these cities, but the very latest thing made. It is so in everything. Even the Salvation Army looks more prosperous than it does in older states. Its band is more attractive and sometimes plays a tune. It has done great good by working among the coachmen who gather, with their carriages, about the entrance to the opera bouse

Colonel William Lightfoot Visscher of Kentucky lived for some years at Fairn as an edwor. He liked very much, but his wife thought it very crude, and she missed her old friends a good deal, while the genial colonel knew everybody in the United States, and so was not lonesome. This is of an the case with popular men. They frequently prefor the tribute of laughter and bonhomie down town to the quiet evening at home by the fireside, reading from "Plutarch's Lives" and giving the children their bath.



Ea she tried to get him to remain at home and help her west out the dall evening, but he had all sorts of business rigagements and meetings of the chamber of commerce to meet down town. He belonged to serveal societies also, including the United Red Men, the Little Defenders and the Fair Haven Compan

Mrs. Visscher got him a billiard table and the game of loto, from which kerso was derived, but it was not all these he needed. It was the little bend of congretal souls who still remained down town.

She lost hears and gave it up. The piace was now, and there we rough characters abroad at night, and late one evening Colonel Vimcher came home to 2nd that a big stone had been thrown through the window, barely missing his piugo.

His wife was in tears and begged him to move away from Frirhaven.

"No," he said, getting down his and Grand Army uniform. "I know who did it. It was one of those brutos I have assailed to the paper. I will go ent and bill him. I must do it. I cannot be driven out of this town by these assessina. Be culm while I go out and kill him, dear. You can look the other bends afterward so that you will not be

He seest out and was gone half anbour with out success, but when he came in he found has wife whate and speechless. For a time he could not bring her to but finally she told him that a stone or something had crushed through the

Cantlemaly by went in there. He found comments a tail man with a pair, intel broken give on his carpet and a short pince of metal like a hit of gost pipe einerd at breh ends and a cumning fistie

Colonet Vinctor's face grow pale. They sat hand in hand during the long.

they sat band in assid during the long dark night, and in the morning he took the lough to the police and sold his house. They went to Portland to live, and when they were settled one evening Mrs. Visscher come up to him, and suning her fingers through his clustering hair-his hear that was once so flowing, but now so fled-she told him with a tear how she was the assessin, and how she got the plumber to make the bomb for her and fall it with baking powder, so she could throw it through his win-

A GREAT MARL

Bot Like the Roman Empire He Fell at

I heard an animated conversation go ing on at the farther end of the car, but as I was reading I paid little attention until an old farmer, whose wife sat just belitud me, came back from the group

"Sally, you orter hear what that feller sayin! I've learned more in five minutes than I ever knew in all my life be-

"Who is he?" she asked. "Dunno his name, but he's smarter

"Well, it's all about sciences and things. He says the sun is 1,000,000 miles nonror the earth than it used to be." "I don't believe it," she bluntly re-

"What's the use?" he protested. "I didn't believe it either until I heard him talk. Come up and listen." "I don't keer about the sun."

But you orter. The sun has got a beap to do with our farm, I guess. Do you know how much air you breathe in at every breath? "All I want to."

"Of course, but he'll tell you jest how many feet. It's the interestingest thing I ever heard. You don't know how fur it is to the moon, but he's got it right down to miles and rods. You don't know why there's a tide in the ocean. but he does. He kin tell you exactly how many bones you have in your body He knows more in a minit than our post master does in a week. Come along and

I followed after and found a very lainly dressed and common looking man holding forth to five or six passengers who had gathered around him. As we

came up he was saying: "During the 70 years of man's allotted life the heart performs about the same amount of work in circulating the blood that a 2-horsepower engine would do if run day and night for 13 years 7 months and 14 days. You see, the heart"-Good lands, but I've seen that feller

aforo!" interrupted the farmer's wife. The great man turned to see who had stoken, and she raised her hands and

Now I'm sure of it! Why, he's the tin peddler who cum along about four weeks ago and not only cheated me in weighing the paper bags, but he sold me three tin pans which leaked all over the cellar afore he got out o' night."

The great man fell. Every one saw that he was guilty, and all turned away and left him to his disgrace-all but the victim of his wiles. She crooked her foretinger at him and said:

"Them paus was leven cents apiece! Gimme 33 centsf"

He counted out the change, and she put it into her bag among the fried cakes and boiled eggs, and as she sat down be side her husband she remarked; "if this happens to stop his 2-horse

power engine from workin, I can't help Them conserned tin peddiers hev bin cheatin me fur the last 30 years, and I hain't goin to stand it no more! Great Why, Reuben, you don't know 'nuff to cum in when it rains!"-Detroit

Jitut as Sie Hisperted. As a junkman was driving up Hast-

ings street a hind wheel came off his wagon and let the vehicle down with a crash, and the usual crowd gathered to observe, speculate and discuss. A well dressed woman who was passing by halted and asked a boy on the outskirts of the crowd what had happened. "Well, you see," began the boy after

drawing the back of either hand across his nose and humping up his shoulders, "the feller was a comin along here"— "Yes."

"There was a hole in the pavement, but he didn't see it."

"Jist when he gits to that hole he spits on his hand like this, and hands off like this, and he fetches the old hose a stinger to wake him up. The hoss gives a jump, you know, jist the same as you'n

"Yes, yest" "Then the flues collapse, the cylinder bends blow out, and the belts slip off the drive wheel, and I'm a-teilin you that this town might her bin all blowed to thunder if I hadn't been up there on the corner and hollered to Timmy Day to come and see the fun!"

"Laud o' massy, but I've been expectin somethin of the kind all winter long!" exclaimed the woman as she ran over a boy and two does in her haste to get beyoud danger. - Detroit Free Press.

Anticipating Illim.

Moss Schaumburg of Austin is up to all the tricks of the trade and was in the habit of playing it pretty sharp not only on his customers, but also on the firm of Schwindlemover & Co., from whom he purchased his goods in New

Schanzaburg, on receiving the invoice of goods, was in the habit of deducting several rands from every piece of goods he received. He claimed shortage an every piece of goods, even when the piece contained full measure or even a

wawtodlemener & Ca of New York staffered a great deal from this system of wealing, but rather than less Schann burg's trade they allowed him the shortage until it became such a regular thing at they president to play for even, even if they did hee bir trade.

Schaumburg ordered a big bill of dry cola. The New York firm cut each and every piness of goods in two, kept see baif, sent the bill for the fall numper of yards ordered, but kept the guests

he due time beganishing received the bill, and expecting the goods would ar-rive in a day or so acknowledged the re-ceipt of the goods and sent on a check for the amount, deducting, as usual, sev-eral yards shortage on each piece. As soon as the New York merchant got this reply he shipped the goods and admitted the deduction for shortage as just and

opening the goods to find that each piece lacked half the number of yards it should contain. As he had already claimed soveral yards shortage on each piece, and as the New York firm had allowed it, the only thing for Mose to do was to keep quiet about it.

It is useless to add that he deals no

longer with Schwindlenseyer & Co. of New York.—Texas Siftings.

HE WAS THE "BY." But the Han From Philadelphia Didn't

A Philadelphia merchant of the old time used to be fond of telling the following story from his own experience, whose excellent flavor of genuine "Irishnees" makes it as good today as 50 years ago. He had come to New York on business and was obliged to arrange for returning by the early stage next merning—for railroads were not so plentiful then as they are now. Going to a hotel in Pino street, he gave par-ticular instructions to be called at 4 c'clock—the stage left the hotel a half hour later—and retired early to get as muchysleep as possible before beginning

his journey.

Just as he was about to blow out his candle there came a thunderous rap on his door, and in answer to an inquiry as to what was wanted a voice with a rich Irish brogue said, "Are yees the man that's goin be the air-rly stage in the mar-r-nin?" The occupant of the room said that he

was the man in question. "Thin Or'm the b'y that'll call yees!" "All right," responded the other, and he jumped into bed, where he was soon

sleeping soundly.

It seemed about a minute afterwardit was really a couple of hours-when the sleeper awake with a start to bear a voice that had a familiar sound shouting outside the door, "Are yeez the man that's goin be the nir-rly stage in the

"Yes, you fool," growled the sleepy "Go away and shut up, can't

"Thin Oi'm the b'y that'll call yeez!" said the voice cheerfully, and the Irishman's heavy boots went stamping off down the hall.

Once more the Philadelphia man dropped off auto slumber and once more was rudely aroused in the same manner. He then berated the vigilant attendant loudly enough to arouse the house, if indeed it needed rousing. All was quiet again, and he turned over and slept on undisturbed until the gray light of the spring morning peeped in at the win-dow. He was half awake when the sound of heavy tramping feet made him oren his eyes. Whack! went a fist on the door. "Are yeez the man that was goin be the stage to Philydelphy?"

'Ves you fool! Is it time to get no?" "An Oi'm the b'v that was to call veez -bedad, sur-r, the stage is gone!"-New York Tribune.

A Great Dog. "When I was a-livin back east," said the man with the ginger board, "I owned one of these here little woolly Scotch tarriers that was one of the smartest animals you ever see. Funny thing! One day my wife was readin in the paper that woolly dogs wasn't goin to be in fashion that summer, and she says to me, in a jokin sort of a way, 'I guess we will haf to sell Dagobert'-that was his name—'and git a nice, fashionable, smooth haired dog' 'All right,' says I,

"Mebbe he committed suicide," ventured the grocer. "I have heard of dogs having their feelings hurt so bad that they killed theirselves."

still keepin up the joke. Now, what do

you suppose that there dog went and

"Not much be didn't. Didn't I jist tell you he had a whole lot of sense? He jest snaked a quarter out'n the box "I-I must not listen to you, Mr. where we kept the small change to pay "Capphead," protested the blushing girl jest snaked a quarter out'n the box the milkman and the newspaper boy and went down to the barber shop and had his hair cut that's what he did."-Indianapolis Journal.

Love Rules Over All.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight, He is loath to leave as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate. "I'll never forget you," he says, "and

if death should claim memy last thought will be of you." "I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll

never see anybody else or love them as long as I live." They part. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years had married. They met at a party. She has changed greatly. Between the dances

the recognition takes place. "Let me see," she muses with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?

"Really I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."- Exchange. An Objection.

The following anecdote is vouched for

by the stenographer, and will be appreciated more especially by lawyers: At a term of the circuit court, held not long since in one of the up river counties, a horse case was on trial, and a well

known horseman was called as a witness.

Connaci - Well, sir, you saw this horse? Wilness-Yes, sir. 1-Counsel What did you do? Witness-I jest opened his mouth to find out his age, an I see to him, see I.

Gld feller, I guess you're party good Opposite Counsel-Stop! Your honor, I object to any conversation carried on between this witness and the horse when the plaintiff was not present.

s wouldn't fee cotch me buyin mrenew | hel.-Truth

The objection was sustained. - Rochester Post-Express.

He was going up Brush street with a new snow abovel on his shoulder when These to Count the Cost. a little old colored man, who had evidently passed a hard winter, stopped him moon should lest but a mount? Rich Not so very odd. Bills are sent out on the let, you know .- Vogue Tiello, Misser Thompson, what yo

What I got yero! Ikes yo'ere dat "Of coles, but it are no good now. Ye"

showeds in de spring."
"Succinly not. Dat's what alls de-cull'd papulanism of dis town—all hindeight an me foreight. I bought dat showel furner" winter. Got a 20-cent showel fur 18 cents. Dun asved 19 cents, ye' see?

'fin! Am dat foright' "Kin anybody her fo'sight?"

"Surtinly dey hin."
"Misser Thompson, hin you hand me a
quarter now to use next Jinsary?" softly

"No, sah! I was gwine to 'splain to
yo' dat dar was fo'sight, hindsight as
seberal oder kinds ob sight. Yo's tryin
to borrow a quarter far next winter
hain't neither fo'sight nor hindsight, an
yo' can't get it by a blamed sight! Good
mawnin, sah!"—Detroit Proc Press.

An Embarrassing Question. When one has a lion to entertain, the animals asked to the feest should be carefully relected. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith gave a reading the other evening at a fashionable Rochester club, and several men were asked to remain after the audience had departed, eat a rarebit and make the acquaintance of the guest of the evening. When the cigars were light-ed, Mr. Smith, in response to a request, read his inimitable description of the carving of the canvas back from "Colo

nel Carter of Cartersville." There was

a burst of appliance when the reading was finished, followed by a moment of silence. Then spoke a gilded youth of the circle, who asked, "Mr. Smith, have

you ever published anything in book

form?"-Detroit Free Press. Mrs. Bangs-I met that Miss Brillian whom you were once engaged to, and I was delighted with her. She's a woman

among a thousand. Mr. Bange She is noted as one of the most highly cultured women in society.

"Indeed she is. And she has so much character. You should have married

"Eh? Do you really think so? Why?"
"She has such wonderful self control. She could stend any amount of abuse without ever showing it."-New York

The following story is told by a Georgia marshal who encountered a crowd of disorderly negroes:

Marshal-What is all this row about Negro (with pistol, knife, club and war paint)—Dat ar nigger dar said I was a consequence, an no black nigger can call me a consequence widout de penalty of ramifying an dat to the most superfy-

'Good Lawd!' said one of the colored sisters sitting near the scene of war, "dat am ar eddicated nigger for show, bless God!"-New York Tribuna

"No," said Mr. McSwat, waving back the waiter who was coming with the dish of strawberries. "Not any."
"No strawberries!" exclaimed the friend who had taken him out to dine.

"Don't von like strawberries?" "Yes, I like them," he rejoined, "but we haven't had any at our house yet, and if I should est these, old fellow, I couldn't look Mrs. McSwat in the face when I go home tonight."-Chicago Trib-

More to the Purpose "If this helps you," said the noctor,

folding it, "I should be glad if you would let me know." " it doesn't help me, doc," replied the caller in a clear, distinct tone of voice as he handed over the required \$5, "I'll let you know it-you can bet a trunkful of skeletons on that. Good aft-

ernoon."-Chicago Tribune. A man who had attained remarkable success in life was called upon rather suddenly to address a body of students at the university. His forte was not exactly speechmaking, but he succeeded in giving some excellent advice, which he closed by saying, "Young gentlemen, if you have a spark of gentus in you, wa-ter it."—Philadelphia Call.

Willing to Condense. with eyes downcast. "You are only trifling, and-and besides it is getting late." "Please hear me out, Miss Helen!" pleaded the infatuated young reporter. "I'll cut it down to 250 words"—Chica-

go Tribune. Habing on Impression Mrs. Cumso-I've been to bear the celebrated lady evangelist. Mr. Cumso-What did she

Mrs. Cumso-I don't know that, but she were the loveliest bronze silk I ever saw.-Vogue.

Mrs. Quicklippe (furioso)-I have no words to express my indignation at your

Mr. Quicklippe (with a sigh of relief) -Well, there's one gratifying feature of the situation. -New Orleans Times-Dem-

"I think whistling should be taught to boys to school," said Harksway. Why?" queried Barnum.

"Decause if it was you couldn't get ten to practice it outside," said Harks-way.—Harper's Bazar.

"Never get into trouble with a bar-Why not?" "He is liable to get you into an awful scrape."-National Barber.

Out of IL Wife-I have just been to the dentist's and had a tooth drawn. Husband (beaving a sigh) - Lucky touth! It is now beyond the reach of

your tongue.-Sobremen.

Was Cp. Piggs-That's rather a pretty girl. In she well informed?

the private boose circuit to a telephone exchange.-Troy Times. Gladys-len't it odd that the honey

Boggs-Well informed' She works on

Twinn-I hear that you were relieved of \$300 during your stay in Chicago? Triplett—I never alluded to it as a re-

### DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

Have You Any Grounds for Doubting These Certificates?

These Are Questions for Every Reader to Ponder.

For over a year Dr. Rankin bee play these certificates in the papers for the in-spection of the public. Thousands have to-votigated them, but never yet have they found them overdrawn. In fact numerous people have told the doctor that in every case they investigated they found the half had not been told.

CATARRE OF THE STOMACH. A case in point, showing that Dr. Rank in is skillful in this discuss, is that of Master Lexis Thompson. His father, who is consected with the general office of the Chicago



LOUIS THOMPSON, 245 TURNER ST.

& West Michigan R. R., says: "My boy for several years had been troubled with some head and stomach trouble. His food would not digest well and be would have frequent attacks of cramping pains in the stomach that would lay him up. His stomach would bloat up and sometimes get sour. His nose was constantly filled up and the mucous would drop down into his throat. We did everything for him but without success. Finally I took him to Dr. Rankin; he immediately diagnosed the case as one of catarrh of the head and stomach. I can say with sincerity that the catarrh of the stomach is absolutely cured; he has no trouble with it in any form, the mucous no longer drops into his throat and he has stopped that hawking and spitting. My wife and myself can conscientiously commend the doctor's skill."

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Dr. Eankin is a graduate of Ann Arbor, and has had years of experience in his sp

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